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C O N T

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E N T S



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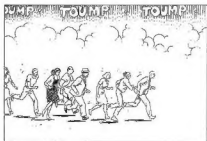
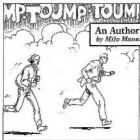
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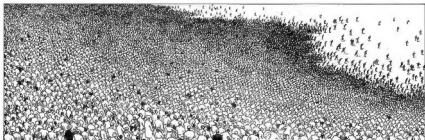
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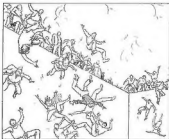
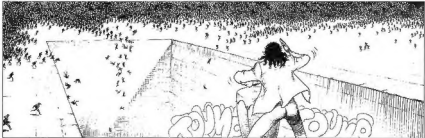
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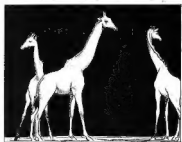
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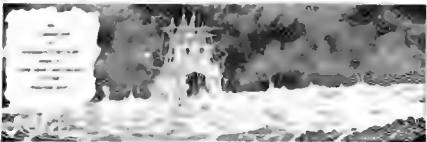
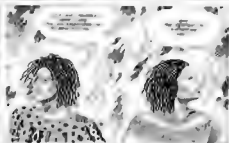
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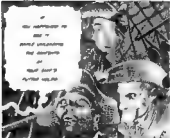




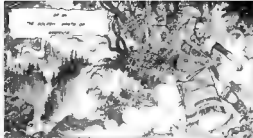




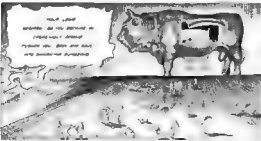
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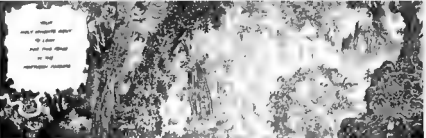
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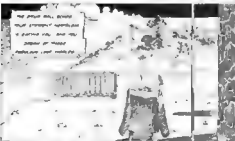
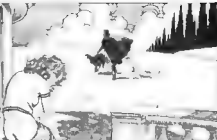
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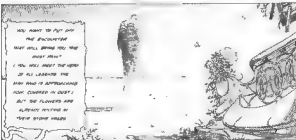




AND AN UNUSUAL TERRIBLE Y



THEY ARE
THEY ARE THE UNUSUAL TERRIBLE
UNUSUAL, UNUSUAL TO
YOUR EYES.
BUT IT IS THE
UNUSUAL TERRIBLE



YOU WANT TO PUT ON
THE ENCOUNTER
THAT WILL BRING YOU THE
MOST AWAY?
I YOU WILL MEET THE HERO
IF ALL LEADING THE
WAY AND IS APPROACHING
NOW, COVERED IN DUST,
BUT THE FLOWERS ARE
ALREADY WITHIN IN
YOUR EYES, WOULD



YOU HAVE REMOVED MORE
THAT HE MEET
YOUR APPROACH AND GLANCE
IS BRINGING TO MEET
THE TERRIBLE



FINALLY
YOUR APPROPRIATION WILL
GIVE YOU THE
GRATITUDE TO LOVE
BEYOND THE



STOP!
THE TERRIBLE IS NOT
IN THE EYES
AND WE HAVE A
VOICE TO
TALK



IT WILL BE DONE
BUT JUST THE WAY WE
MEET IT WITH AN UNUSUAL
TERRIBLE FOLLOWING
THE SCRIPT AS WE LIVE!



THAT
BUT THE TERRIBLE
REALLY SAY?



GOOD! THE STORY MUST
END WITH A TERRIBLE, LOVE
SCENE BETWEEN A MAN AND
A WOMAN CHARMING IN
THE EYES OF THE
AFTER THE
AFTER THE
AFTER THE
AFTER THE

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK



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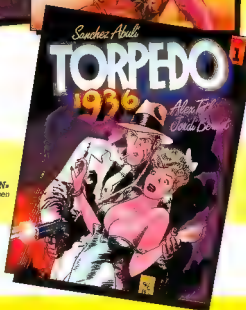
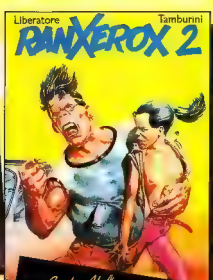
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SAY OFF!
HOW ANGRY!

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STAND BY FOR ANOTHER SLAVE
MART SPECIAL TODAY ONLY
WHILE SUPPLIES LAST -- TWIN
DOES PERFECTLY MATCHED
FOR YOUR MARRIAGE!



NICE BOYS
HERE

NICE SHEEP
HERE

WHAT KUNDA
WENCH D YA THINK
I AM, HUH?

GET T WOLE IT'S
NOT RIDE INTO IT
BUSY TONIGHT

GROAN, PERHAPS
I SHOULD GET BACK
INTO CONTROLLABLE
SUBSTANCES



FRESH GIRL



55555 5 55555
555 55555 55555

NICE
BREAK

HARR
A REEP?
C DOPEY?



THEY GOT
GIRLS IN
THERE?

DOES A
VAMPIRE SUCK?
WHAT DO YOU
THINK?



I WOULDN'T GO IN
THERE IF I WAS YOU - YOU'LL
JUST GET INTO TROUBLE.
SIDES IT'S CHEAPER
OUT HERE ON THE
STREET

NICE
BREAK
A REEP
(21)

PHREW

BAH! TROUBLE
IS MY MIDDLE NAME
- I THINK
STAND ASIDE



KURR! KURR!
LOOKA DA POUCH
ON DAT CREEP

BOY WAIT!
QUEENE SAYS
THAT ONE

PEST BUDDY!
NO CONCEALED
WEAPONS ALLOWED
IN HERE YICK!
YUCK!



WE-EUUUU
I'M NOT A TRUE
GOTHIC - WELL THERE
THESE DO?



HELL OF A PLACE
TO CARRY SUMMER
SAUSAGE AROUND
IN

SAY HE'S CUTE!
LOOK T THOSE
EYES!

YEAH? WELL GET
YOUR EYES OFF HIS
GONADS

YO PLZM WE'S
CALLIN YORE DAUFF
IT'S SHOW AND TELL
TIME YA GOT ANYTHING
IN THERE BESIDES
DIRTY LAUNDRY?



HEY PARTNER! I
COULD MAKE YOU THE
BIGGEST - HENT! HENT!
TUN! IN THESE THREE
HEAVY PHONES

I'M NOT
INTERESTED

WHOA, BIG FELLA!
LOOK BEFORE YA LEAP!
TUN! OF IT GUESS
LOTS!A GUESS! HAPPY
VALLEY EVERY NIGHT!
LISSEN YA WAMMA
DO DINNER?

I'M NOT INTERESTED
BUT HAVE YOU SEEN



A-WAY! JUST AS I
THOUGHT A LIMPWAG
CAN'T GET THE OLD
LANCE UP, EH?
HEY GUYS

HE CAN'T GET
IT UP! CAN'T
GET IT UP!

IF YOU WANT TO GO
THROUGH LIFE WITH YOUR
BODY INTACT, GET YOUR
FUCKING PAWS OFF!



Ooooo! BIG MAN!
HEY, GUNS - LOONEE!
THIS PUNK'S ALL SHOW
AND NO GO!



HAW!
HAW!
HAW!

LET'S SHUP HIS
SAUSAGE IN THE
MEAT GRINDER
OVER THERE, AND
SEE WHAT -



BASH!



Duh!

CRASH!



GUYS! WE TRIED
TO BE NICE! NOW
WHOSE 'S ASS!

KRUNCH!

WHEEE



NOTHING CAN
STOP ME.







THE DEN OF THE BROTHEL QUEEN

HEW
WHERE AM I?

GOOHRY, LOOK
A BARBARIAN!

THIN IN THE DEN
OF ULTIMATE PERVERSITY,
YOU THINK YOU CAN DROP
IN UNANNOUNCED, YOU
THICK THY THYASE?

THE - THE HEE! - PRIVATE
CHAMBER OF OUR MIGHTY
THE QUEEN OF THE BLACK
COUCH - THUGGILLUM
ADRIPPER!

IRRESISTIBLE TO
ALL MEN AND WOMEN
ALIKE!

DON'T FORGET
DOMESTICATED PETS
TOO!

HAH!
HAH!
HAH!

EHMMMM, YOU THREAT
GUARDS - BRING THAT MAN
NEAR THAT I MAY BEND HIM



THUGGILLUM ADRIPPER,
I PRESUME MY NAME IS
PILGON



OH I'D REALLY LIKE
TO - BUT I'M LOOKING
FOR A GIRL

AREN'T WE ALL,
HONEY? PILGON,
YOU DISAPPOINT
ME

WHOSE BREAKERS
ARE LIKE JUDGING
EARTHQUAKES

NO YET
HUN?



NOT TO WORRY,
MY BOWL OF FLESH
PUDDING THIS ENCHANTED
VIBRATOR WILL STIFFEN
YOUR SWORD

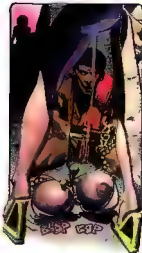
YEAH, MY SWORD
A LOT OF PEOPLE WANT
TO GET THEIR HANDS
ON IT

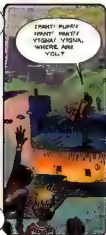
I'LL BRNK
TO THAT!



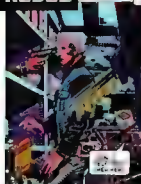
IT DOES
NEED SOME
GRINDING
DRUFF PAINT!

OH MY! I
THINK WE'VE RUBBED
YOU THE WRONG WAY
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE
TO SEE MY HIDDEN
DELIGHTS

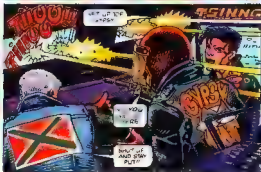
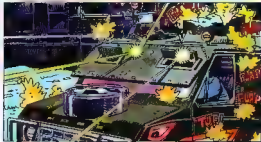


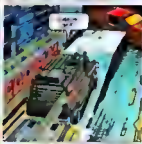
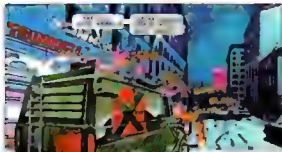


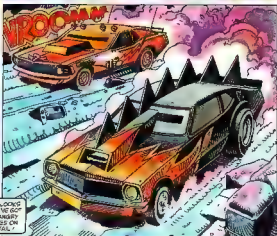
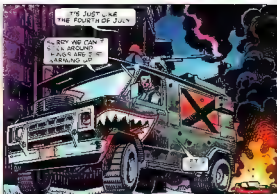
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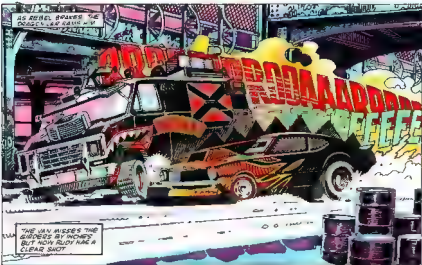












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DISGUISED AS A MEMBER
OF THE BROTHERS OF THE
BONE.

?

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ON FOR NOW.



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DOWN AROUND THIS JOINT?



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A WIDE VARIETY OF
ENTERTAINMENT. TAKE
THE ELEVATOR DOWN TO
LEVEL D. I THINK THEY
CAN HELP YOU.



RIGHT ON.
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BUB.











FIRST THING I GOTTA
DO IS DUMP THIS HEAP AND
PICK UP MY OWN RIG..



TWO HOURS AND TEN MINUTES LATER



NOW I HAVE TO FIND
A SAFE PLACE TO GET
THIS CHICK DRYED OUT..
WHAT A MESS.



THIS
LOOKS O.K.



WE HAVE ONE
DOUBLE LEFT BUT
I'M AFRAID IT
DOESN'T HAVE A
WATERBED.

I'LL LIVE..
GIMME
THE KEYS.



OH, YEAH..I'M
GONNA BE WANTING
A FEW THINGS SENT
TO MY ROOM..CAN YOU
HANDLE THAT, BUB?

SORRY,
WE DON'T
MAKE
DELIVERIES.



TWENTY
CLAMS MAKE
YOU HAPPY?

ANHEM..
WHAT CAN I
GET YOU?



I WANT TWO GLARTS OF
LA JARDA TEGU LA, A QUART OF
PINKELASS BOURBON, THREE CASES
OF GREEN DEATH BEER, A COUPLE
CARTONS OF GASPERS, LIMES, ICE
AND WH. THEY GOT TAKE OUT
MEX CAN FOOD AROUND HERE?



CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

TOR IN NEW YORK

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Dossier

NEUROMANCER

Once readers were the first to know. There they sat, magazine spread on their lap, minds half engaged, slowly sucking up the carefully homogenized science, gazing voraciously at the lurid graphics. Then they would turn the page, and there would be a piece of fiction that would shock them through their lethargy like an overrated asset.

With stories like "Burning Chrome," "Johnny Mnemonic," and "New Rose Hotel," William Gibson began forging his own world view. Now he has transmuted those efforts into *Neuromancer* (Ace), a virtuoso juggling act of a first novel.

Early in the next century, a computer embryo named Case is spotted in Chiba, a Japanese underworld. For past transgressions, Case's nervous system has been deliberately damaged by a Russian military experiment. No longer able to jack himself directly into a computer network and ply his trade (Case is no computer programmer what a sophisticated jewel thief is in a corner jewelry store), Case has sunk to bitter depths in Chiba. He is contacted, cured, and heads off on a new assignment involving industrial espionage on a grand scale.

Against the backdrop of this fairly standard, thriller opening, Gibson brings the world of *Neuromancer* fully alive in all its particular cool-reified irrationality. Enter the futuristic, neo-seco of Chiba, where the black market wares are precision-fabricated biologicals (including a brain made of genetic data), software, people, arcane weaponry, and designer drugs. Enter the amorphous Northwestern American city mass known as the Sprawl. Enter the deftly ironic decadent urban resort known as Freeside, and the unspectacularly enigmatic hidden section of Freeside called Scav City. Enter the rich, detailed, and when a villain encounters a computer network's data banks—experienced directly by a senses when one is jacked-in.

Along the way, a memorable cast of characters is assembled. Maelstrom is a space-junk pilot from the Floating Rasta colony, where the guru-pufflers have

programmed a computer with all of popular music from the beginning of recording to date. The computer is constantly surfing the material, grabbing a hook here, a four-bar bridge there, adjusting for key and tempo and extending the stuff over speakers in the Rasta colony twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week—the Zion dub. There are Artificial Intelligences that are not human

throat on the first page and never let him go. Gibson injects several brilliant new speculations into the reader's cerebrum on every page. His prose moves with a kinetic edginess that yanks the reader along in a stuttering,amphetamine hurle. He gives the impression of continually running right out of control, yet he keeps twenty balls in the air and never drops one.

With only a handful of short stories and a single novel to his credit, he is already becoming an old-millaid writer. I have it on good authority that Gibson clones have been spotted in the Southwest, both coasts, and a valiant pocket in Wisconsin. But Gibson will not be an easy writer to imitate. His jacked-in, high-velocity street-tech prose is coupled with the kind of perception and empathy that can't be duplicated.

—Steve Brown



author William Gibson

in any remote fashion, including the enigmatic title character. There are dozens of minor characters, weird street gangs, bartenders, corporate executives. And there is Molly. She is tough, savvy, and possessive of endearing personality quirks that make her the most complex character in the book. I have a permanent crush on Molly.

William Gibson is this year's hungry stranger. He brings to the clubby indie world of science fiction a genuinely new perception. His influences are not the safe icons like the Herk, rs, but are the harrowing visions of a Robert Stone. He has been compared to the Alfred Bester of the fifties and the comparison is apt. Like Bester (who once said that the only way to write a novel is to grab the reader by the

HM You're thirty-six years old, married with two kids, and, although American, you've lived in Vancouver, B.C., for the past twelve years. Why Canada? Was it the death?

WG Sort of. I told the Beard media I was a total junkie. I checked yes for every drug listed and, added about eight more. They made me 1 Y. I think for suspicious instability, and I hauled ass up here. But I told them where I was, kept in touch—acting. I kept writing for new cards to replace the ones I'd lose. Just before the system was dismantled, they reclassified me 4-F, possibly as some strange kind of put-down. So technically, y I've never *checked*. And I found the real dodger scene too depressing. So I'm an American citizen and the local equivalent of registered alien **HM** Vancouver seems like an odd place for someone who writes as if he were having a peak Methuene experience in the middle of Times Square.

WG Well, you know, it's a city. But yeah, I know what you mean. I live in the kind of neighborhood that used to be Hippie City and gentrification is solving it fast. Aerobic workout joints where the head

they used to be. But I like all that shit or anyway I don't care. And I like seeing trees around, and not having to worry too much about what'll happen to my kids if they walk down the block. I'm not too keen on actually hanging out with the kind of character I tend to write about, although I must've known one or two, somewhere along the line.

'I HAVEN'T READ SO MUCH IN OVER TWENTY YEARS. THERE'S SO MUCH OTHER REALLY GREAT STUFF TO READ'

HM: Who would you say the major influences on your writing are?
WG: Influences suck. Well, I credit *Starship Troopers* [Heinlein, for saving me from Vietnam, because my reaction at age fourteen was, "This sucks." I read *Hooked Lunch* pretty early, around sixteen. I got

boored with mainstream sf pretty fast. Of the writers I loved at say, fifteen, Fritz Leiber is the one who's held up the best, and the more I learn of his life, the more I respect him for what he's done. Some of my favorite writers of the past fifteen years: W. Burroughs, T. Southern, R. Stone, H. Thompson, P. Neruda, J. Le Carré, J. G. Ballard, S. Delany (up until *Disorgan* anyway), Paul Scott. I get a lot more in the way of direct inspiration from rock music. I haven't read so much as over twenty years. There's so much other really great stuff to read. Now I read to gather material and momentum for my own work, and I just don't get that from sf. Phil Dick, oddly, has had almost no influence on me or my work. A strange fact and one that I can't explain, except that the combination of acid and *Groovy's Rawhide* had something to do with it.

HM: How about a few words about the music that directly inspires you?
WG: I dug the whole punk thing from the start—or from when I was first aware of it, 1977. I felt kind of embarrassed, because I

remember those goofy thirty-year-olds who'd come sneaking around the scene in 1968. But the scenography of it was just sheer beauty to me, like Genet and Burroughs rolled into one shithot semiotic apthral.
HM: These are, I presume, more novels where *Neuromancer* came from?
WG: I'm working on a kind of downbeat

'I GET A LOT MORE IN THE WAY OF DIRECT INSPIRATION FROM ROCK MUSIC'

Joseph Conrad space opera called *The Log of Marnag Sully*, and an indirect sequel to *Neuromancer* called *Count Zero* for Ace. **HM:** That's all, we have room for uncles you have an opinion on Michael Jackson or a favorite color.
WG: Michael Jackson will go first fucking crazy eventually—and about, pork.





RAVING AND DROOLING

BY LOU STATHIS

UP FROM UNDERGROUND

Every once in a while, a thought occurs to me: Fresh miracles do happen. Usually, the particular notion arrives while I'm in a chemically enfeebling condition: waves of statics swirling noisily over my tired limbs like guap leaking from a busted lava lamp. Said thoughts manifest itself as a disembodied Cheeda-like voice whispering insistently. Like hey, man, whatever happened to underground comics?

Quickly—as as not to forget the question—my gavel-like mind races for an answer. One appears, it's simple really: like a lotta ex-hippies, undergrounds cleaned up the r appearance, sharpened their act, and now steadfastly deny that they ever had coconyl-length hair and peace-sign bull-dinners.

The disappearance of undergrounds comes in the seventies paralleled the death of the counterculture. Whatever the reason, content undergrounds had become too closely identified with the imagery of hippiesdom, and when the era's aging adolescents grew out of the trappings of their extended childhood, they up it naturally discarded the things that represented it. A long time ago, unbeknownst to me, magazine then, wasn't a whole new generation of kids to pick up what their older brothers threw down. Alcohol, heroin, and cocaine replaced marijuana and LSD as the drugs of choice; a grating if perhaps causing a depressing retreat into the self-berating territory that's New Wave. The undergrounds, primarily in all outlets, were disappearing so much from lack of interest as from new repressive legislation aimed at curbing the sale of drug paraphernalia. Comic shops, which were beginning to show up everywhere, did nothing to pick up the slack, being more interested in twelve-year-olds who grabbed every new Marvel/DC exercise than in

adults who might still have a taste for comics. It's like something with a tad more substance than *The Amazing Spider-Man*.

So, the field withered and the talent scattered. Some assimilated themselves into the widening mainstream via pubs like *Paradox*, *High Times*, *Anonymous*, and, yes, even *HMM*—where if ya think Corbin came from¹—while others either gave up, isolated themselves, or was what they perceived as an increasingly hostile world (the unrelated Crumb Syndrome), or tried to weather the onslaught by any means available to them—teaching

"THE DISAPPEARANCE OF UNDERGROUND COMICS IN THE SEVENTIES PARALLELED THE DEATH OF THE COUNTERCULTURE."

advertising work, sneaking drawings, or merchandising themselves out of relevancy like the dreaded Zippo Syndrome. A couple of efforts were made to pump life into the nearly expired corpse. Denis Kitchen's *Future 1974 Comic Book* (three copies of said book, inconspicuously, with desecrated distribution by Marvel) and Art Spiegelman's and Bill Griffith's longer *mad Avenue* (the bridge between sleazy undergrounds and Spiegelman's *under Row*), but it was evident that no one out there gave much of a shit. John Holmstrom's *Panel* magazine kept some of the spirit alive, but its main interests were elsewhere (i.e., in the gutter).²

The eighties brought with them (besides

AIDS and Ronnie Reagan) *Row* and *Wendo*, the simultaneous embodiments of both extremes of the underground spectrum. *Wendo* is Crumb's attempt to rectify Zap Comic's another man's notion of his refusal to accept the present. It is scarily, quaintly anachronistic, and notable chiefly for the pages of his own work it contains (whatever the old boy's twisted pathology, he still has the knack). *Row* is Spiegelman's and publisher's edition spouse (Françoise Mouly's) attempt to lift comic art by its bootstraps (sneaker flaps, more appropriately) out of the gutter and into more respectable surroundings. Where *Wendo* happily trod the grungy underground road, *Row* opted for the well-oiled path of politeness and reverence (two options not to go on this old crank's hip parade), the sort of elitist remove you find in a gallery or classroom—all qualities antithetical to the exuberantly subversive spirit of the underground. No matter how brilliant any of the individual contributions might have been (and there've been plenty), the air of joyless contrivance in the package was always so off-putting, and though I looked through each issue, I never felt compelled to read anything, the same way I rarely feel compelled to stop and study something hanging on a gallery or museum wall. While it might be encouraging to the browser, it's unwitting to the reader and reader is at it an essential part of the comic experience for me. (I guess it's no surprise that the most compelling thing in each issue for me has been Spiegelman's very traditional "Maus," a straightforward narrative account of his father's life in Nazi-ravaged Poland. Gripping stuff.)

Interestingly, *Row* has emerged as something of a Zap for the eighties—the

*SOMEWAY THE ONLY TRUTH OF "HOW I KILLED BUNKY MAGAZINE" SHOULD BE TOLD: IT INVOLVED AN ARTICLE OF MINE JOHN AND THE BAD FASTE TO PUBLISH, AND THE HOSTILE REACTION AMONGST THE MAGAZINE'S DISTRIBUTORS CAUSED BY HIS CHOICE OF APPROPRIATE ILLUSTRATION. BUT THAT'S ANOTHER SORDID STORY.

flagship of a new upwardly mobile yuppie art underground—comic as “graph x.” What this means is that Raw gets invited to places a seamy little underground would never get near, like moody bookstores and Artforum-uttered coffee tables. Which ultimately is a good and healthy thing. I guess (yes, that squeaking is the sound of a grudging admission rolling into place), as it breaches ghetto vol. 1 that the unsavory format of mags like *Wendo* re-enforces. Thus, while it might put off bohemian and ferts like myself, it brings in new blood—readers, buyers, artists, writers—who can only contribute to a growing and changing field.

And things are looking good. *Raw* #6 had me laughing harder than any of the previous issues, thanks mostly to Charles Burns, Jerry Morriarty, Josef Swartz, Drew Friedman, and Gary Panter—and over the terminally mistreated Mark Beyer, whom I usually find grudgingly tedious. Also sneaky is *Raw*'s third one-shot: *Jerry Morriarty's Jack Survives*, a funny, surreal collection somewhere between “Krazy Kat Bionic” and “Maus.” *Wendo* has been reborn under rockstar editor **Pete Bagge** (ex of *Stop!* and *Cynical Flares*), and the latest issue (#11) is the best yet—from the magnificent Crumb cover through Kim Deitch's autobiographical “Two Jews from Younger,” a Big Daddy Roth portfolio, Bruce Carleton's delirious notebooks from his Far East excursion (where he's now scampered back to live, can't get enough of them Asian babes, eh, Bruce?), to Bagge's own “Martin Bator (examining how the boy's drawing has mutated remarkably in the space of a year).”

But, more than just a couple old fogies feeling okay, there's also a buncha young whipper-snappers mauling their way forward. Among the best are *Bad News* (two issues out, from guys who appear to be eighth graders of Spiegelman's at the School of Visual Arts. Though sometimes excessively depressing (the title says it), co-ed contributors **Paul Karasik** and **Mark Newgard** whip out a good blend of morose irreverence and tongue-in-cheer. My faves are Karasik's early-farty “Action Comics” (I'll meet and Kat's dead cover “but hey guys, cheer up!” (Probably been hanging out with Beyer.)

Even more deprived is **Adam Parfrey** and **George Petros's End**, with contributions from S. Clay Wilson and Robin Williams (both reprint, Kim Selzer Petros, and the Reverend Jim Jones, no, not *Guns n' Roses*), but a transcript of his suicide speech (which is *Amazing* WTF). The first issue (now sold-out) is a bit haphazard (as first issues usually are), but its twisted things are promised for the future (like a compendium of degenerate ideas and scurrilous philosophies).

And if we're talking warped, mention must be made of the inimitable **Joe Coleman** who's got a strip (term used loosely) in *Exo* #1 as well as a book all his own, *The Mystery of Wolverine Wom-*

Bar. I'd venture that Coleman's two biggest influences are S. Clay Wilson and Thomas Naguchi (the Crooner to the Stars...), and as much as I relish gruesomeness for its own sake, I must admit to finding *W-o-B* fascinatingly impenetrable. Coleman has Panter's quality of captivating offensiveness, and a book must be seen to be believed.

I also like **Peter Dink's Casual Casual**, a sloppy little half-sized zine from Toronto that unconsciously shuffles around in an endearingly unkempt condition. It's refreshing (a good antidote to *Raw*'s swiftness) but sometimes the crudeness gets wearying, to the point where a gift certificate to the Famous Cartoonists School seems in order. But thankfully most of the strips are funny, and rarely exceed two to four pages (are brevs!). Also, in this highly irregular field, CC's been more regular than an old lady with Haley's M.O. (formerly brevity, now quarterly).

The real bad news, though, is that *Stop!* is no more (and whispering: With the just-released ninth emission, the editors, *NH* contributors **Holmstrom** and **J.D. “Too-Tall” King**) have announced they've succumbed to mag fatigue (a virulent plague that cuts down the best of us). So the last refuge of dumb humor bites the

“IF DIVERSITY IS HEALTH, THEN THE POST- UNDERGROUND COMICS SCENE IS IN FINE SHAPE.”

dead, but not before going out with a resounding “woof!” Included are the usual mindless glorifications of low culture, you know, wrestling, schlocky horror flicks, Jackie Coogan, wanky novelty discs—all the stuff you fill time with between buckets of Cool Whip, as well as well scribbling from all your faves (Holmstrom, King, Carleton, Friedman, and Bagge) and some of your not-so-faves, too (no names, please). And, in its first appearance, the *Stop!* #40—the young person's guide to the latest fluctuations on the B. of Board of Cool, tabulated from a scrupulous readers' poll (I won't blab the illuminating results, except that it did include any Lamey cross-dressers, bogus royalty from Minneapolis, or tearing family song-and-dance acts. I quaver to think what will arise to fill *Stop*'s Converse All-Stars, but I'm sure these guys won't be idle for long (there's only so much time you can kill, watching Kamaala the Ugandan Giant punch pad outta some lanky chump). A void has opened...my life.

Hitchhiking across the Bag Drink, we find the Bodewiser of Bri B.D. Knockabout, staggering along in fine shape (unlike the rest of Maggie's minions). A new book-like format heralds the “Hell on Earth Issue” (#8), with sixty-four ad-

dresswise pages filled with superer scribbling—most especially the new Max Zeffon, horn-toting hipster adventure from the great **Hunt Emerson** (whoddy mean you don't have a copy of his *The Big Book of Everything*, published by Knockabout last year?) Other worthy bits come from Chris Welch (a droll title *Moobus* parody), Savage Pencil (in his classic quadruple play), Ph. Elliott and a couple that I can't find signatures for (how about a Table of Contents, mates?)

If diversity is health, then the post-underground comics scene is in fine shape. The only thing that really worries me is the thoroughly distasteful possibility that comics are succumbing to the art for art acceptance. It's not that (like other pop arts—of and rock music) comics aren't a legitimate art form deserving of the praise and attention given to the snookier, more intellectually acceptable forms—but with that elevation into so-called high-art realms comes the sort of light-as-snakeskin vibrant avenue of expression can do without. And you can already see that horrific contagion moving in: self-indulgent introspection inaccessibility, and downright worthless jacking off. Without, being parenthetical, comics are at their best as a proletarian art form, a pop art that communicates through a direct, unlearned language of visual and verbal shorthand, like mass-disseminated hieroglyphics or graffiti. There's a withdrawal from that street sensibility afoot, and with it a loss of power and immediacy. You can see it among art students who use the comic medium and its imagery without understanding its essence (like schmocks who make disco without thinking about dancing), and in galleries.

“painters” (see Kersey Schell, Rodney Ayan Greenblatt, Jean Michel Basquiat, and Keith Haring who litter their canvases with secondhand comic imagery for art consumers who think they're hip to street action. You don't hang corners on walls for put them in plastic bags—they're a part of it, they're there to be read along with the *Weekend World News*, the *NME*, and the *Washington Post*. This isn't to say they aren't great art that you put away and save afterward, but putting them on this bogus fucking pedestal can only mean the functional death of one of the last authentically subversive art forms.

—Lolo Siachs

Addresses: *Raw* Books, 27 Greene St. New York, NY 10013. *Wendo*, Last Gasp Eco-Funnies, P.O. Box 2,2, Berkeley, CA 9470. *Bad News*, P.O. Box 2053, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159. *End*, 70 Greenwich Avenue, Box 594, New York, NY 10011. *Casual Casual*, 33b Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5V 1Y4. *Stop!*, P.O. Box 529, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10017. *Knockabout*, 249 Kenna Road, London, U.K. W10 5DB. *Joe Coleman*, P.O. Box 14,6, New York, NY 10009.

YEAH! THEY'VE RUINED IT!

BEAT BOX

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FEW MONTHS JUST A BIT MORE BEARABLE



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COMATEENS, "DEAL WITH IT" (MERGENTHURGIN,
ETC, "THIS WORLD OVER" (X) VIRGIN

M + M, "COOLING THE MEDIUM" (RCA

CHUCK, "HOT OF THE FLESH" (X) DOUBLESIDE

STAN GETZ AND ALBERT DAVID, Poetry
TELEGRAMMUSICIAN

JEAN-MICHEL JARRE, Zoolook (FRENCH
DRETFUSMAN DISC)

THE RESIDENTS, "SAFETY IS A COOTIE WOOLIE"
(GALFNU

This Mortal Coil (X) 44.0.

2 STEVE MOORE, What's the Point?
(SCURFORM

TANGIERINE DREAM, Poland (X) JIVE/ELECTRO
FUTURIMUS, 1984 (RCA

MOUSE GEORGY, Der Osten Ist Rot (X)
VIRGIN

DAVID SILVIAN, Brilliant Trees (X) VIRGIN
KAYS-JOACHIM ROEDIGERS, Geschenk des
Augenblicks/Gift of the Moment!
ATDIPONS EC

Diamonda Gates (METALANGUAGE,
BRUCE GILBERT, This Way (X) MUTE)

CHRIS AND COREY, Songs of Love and
Lust (X) BUNCH TRADE

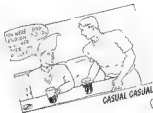
THE RESIDENTS, What Ever happened to
Vivianess Fats? (GALFNU

RYTHM & NOISE, Contents Under Notice
(GALFNU

BLAINE REIMINGER, Night Air (BELGIAN
ANOTHER SIDE)

NICK CAVE, From Her to Eternity (X) MUTE)

FRED PRITH, Cheap at Half the Price
(GALFNU



"Burmese Shitbags" would be a great song
into OTHER Bands' (usually a REGA, Thailand)



BAD NEWS



THE HM FILMSTRIP



thieves. What Sam Peckinpah didn't see in his own horsebats. Aussie director Peter Weir is, to clashing cultures—though this time his glorification of simple innocent primitivism raped spiritually by decadent Westerners and as heavy-handed as such earlier efforts as *The Year of Living Dangerously*, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, and *The Last Wave*. *Murder on the Orient Express* is a tough Poirot cap investigating a comrade's murder, witnessed only by a shy Amish kid whose cute mom is urging him to shun the violent outside world. Weir's subtle transformation of this ho-hum premise into an emotionally gripping, utterly convincing story, aided immeasurably by the atmospheric synth score of the jazz-junky Maurice Jarre, and cinematographer John Seale's amber waves of grain. This supremely satisfying film is definitely Weir's best, and should be enshrined as a prototype of the modern Hollywood masterpiece. (One wonders what Weir would do with the casting of two totally alien cultures in an off-kilter contest—based on a script by someone like Michael Bishop.)

—Lori Stalder



The Italian Job and *the Snowman*. John Schlesinger's *idiot* is based on a true story—but there's still no sense in it. Two rich California boys who don't seem capable of anything more than freshening wind up selling classified info to the Soviets for reasons far too mindless to detail here. Schlesinger isn't even able to do as well as basic Who/What/When/Where, and Why. Timothy Hutton's looking better since *Heaven*, but he's hardly eased him—he's so busy he's positively Fred MacMurrayesque. But the movie must be seen for Sean Penn's performance. It's a transformation that unlike De Niro in *The King of Comedy*. The guy really is amazing.

—Steven Maillor



Blood Simple. As a friend I discovered the practice of hyperventilating: holding my breath, standing up, and backing out. As an adult moviegoer, *Blood Simple* is as close as I've come to duplicating that experience. A bar owner has wife, his pervert eye, and her dad tear around like a Rube Goldberg contraption on speed, murdering and swindling and conspiring. As *Blood Simple* rockets from beg, ramp, & end, it's all over the place and almost too out of control for a first-time viewer to neatly tie up loose ends and watch the movie at the same time. But never mind: it's a *gor* (I haven't seen such sweat since *Double Drive Dallas*)—and I'm in *king* about the audience's Brothers Ethan and Joel Cohen's astonishing debut was named Best Film at the United States Film Festival—and required viewing in the pages of *HM*.

—Steven Maillor



A Private Function. We never understand the British. This is character right wall humor—an absurd comedy of manners. It's post-WWII England on rations, and a lower-class couple the gives peacocks to the rich, she loves to hear about it, decides that stealing a pig will put her on the same map—maybe what bacon could do for a parve! The screenwriter, Alan Bennett, was a member of *Beyond the Fringe*, a comedy troupe that generously influenced Monty Python. Michael Palin's presence as the pedantic harp on this point, and the movie's peculiar brain of humor to be a rioting delight.

—Steven Maillor

BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE VIDEOS

by Jim Farber



Suburbia (1984). Vestron. Directed by Penelope Spheeris.

Unlike Penelope Spheeris's first movie (the sycophantic L.A. hard-core punkumentary *The Decline of Western Civilization*), the deceptively titled *Suburbia* manages to present a more evenhanded picture of certain standance outcasts. Where her documentary went misty-eyed every time some skinhead burped something about "alienation" (assuming that the exciting music and "scene" gave them moral superiority), here she manages to do the characters justice without jerking them off. There's no voyeurism in her study of the kids' relentlessly grotesque behavior (best shot: a guy showing a rat's head into his mouth), and no stridentizing about the broad societal conditions that created this flotsam in the first place. Instead we get a determinedly ambivalent view of people for whom the most extreme punk lyrics are everyday reality.

Faces of Death (1983). Gorgon Video. Directed by Curran LeClair.

This one's been out for a while, but for all you necrophiliacs it's worth a mention. Much like the delightfully disgusting *Savage Man, Savage Beast, Faces of Death* is a mega-schlocky pseudo-documentary on how we croak. Highlights include laughably dubious recreations of a man being turned into ground chuck by a grizzly bear, an electrocution in which pus runs from the victim's mouth and blood from his eyes, plus more autopsies than my hero Thomas Noguchi does in a decade (These, I guess, are real.) Actually, the most sick, and therefore entertaining, thing in the movie is the narration by the spiky named Dr. Francis Gross. He delivers a nonstop kitsch-filled tirade against violence and death in a brilliantly idiotic attempt to dissociate the movie from its own steaming voyeurism.



Fleshburn (1984). Media Home Entertainment. Directed by George Cage.

Here's a weird one: *Fleshburn* tells the story of a maniacal Indian who kidnaps the four shrinks who put him away, dumping them in the desert to fry alive. From there the plot becomes your average struggle-for-survival story, but the characters seem a bit blander than usual (remember, these are shrinks) and the flick also includes an unexpected sign of good politics. The fact that one of the shrinks is gay is revealed in a natural, subtle way—a surprisingly nonexplosive touch amidst otherwise pure exploitation.



The Plumber (1976). Media Home Entertainment. Directed by Peter Weir.

Peter Weir's *The Plumber* is a tilted cinema-of-the-absurd piece of such broad and clumsy metaphors that all art and humanity get trampled in their wake. It's basically a class-conscious *Bartley the Scrivener*—a low-rent plumber/folk singer comes to fix the waterworks in the apartment of an educationally privileged college professor and just won't leave. The plumber plays on the egghead's guilt to make some statement about class politics or modern sex roles or something—but it's so modified and "intellectual" that any real emotional confrontation gets flushed down the toilet.



Christiane F. (1983). Media Home Entertainment. Directed by Ulrich Edel.

Christiane F. is awfully impressed with its own gruffly "honest" portrayal of German teenyboppers/heroin addicts prostitutes. So much so that all it relates credibly is an endless string of disgusting details on the kids' persona, habits without ever helping us understand who these creeps really are. We learn zilch about the title character's background or personality. Instead all we get are gory gestures—shocking up with her friends, vomiting on herself and turning trucks with out souzbags. For fans of realistic detail there's pretty here to chew on, but ultimately it's a little about as emotionally enlightening as your average Linda Blair teen-trash flick (and not nearly as entertaining).



Night of the Bloody Apes (1971). Gorgon Video. Directed by Rene Cardona.

With its zombie-like acting, cheap shove-your-face-in-a-gore, and brain-damaged plot, *Night of the Bloody Apes* is an absolute delight. The acting is as mind-bogglingly stoned-out as anything you'd find in an Edward Wood flick, the gore is as unconvincing and relentless as vintage Hershey. Gordon Lewis and the hairy pit manages to work lots of female wrestling into its typically mad-doctor story (a common fetish among Mexican exports like this, believe it or not). The way-out-of-sync dubbing and clumsy rearrangements make the acting even more thrilling to watch, and you haven't heard it, you've seen the monster kill someone by ripping his hairpiece off.



Rock Clone

When Byron "Blue Suede" Blatort of Portland, Maine, is given Elvis's own pearl-handled revolver shortly before the King passes on, he knows he has been chosen. From Riddell to Boston, Byron perfects his imitation Elvis act until he hears the strain on, of Elvis's personal playground: Las Vegas. There "Prince Byron" evolves into "King Byron," complete with bodyguards, grooves, jump suits, piles of multi-boned pills, and a block-long Cadillac. William McCrorer Henderson's *Stark Hoarding Elvis* (Dutton) has a premise that sounds too absurd to work, but Henderson makes those absurdities part of the book's strength and ends up with an alternately funny and scary look at one man's American Dream corrupted into nightmare. Some rough edges, but very impressive for a first novel.

Michael Bayson

Wah?
Wah Not.

Almost a Collector's Item



"Legendary 1st issue," boldly proclaims the cover, a reproduction from *Planet Comics* #1 (1940). And they're right: the first issue of *Planet*, the first original material science-fiction comic book, as a legendary collector's item. Unfortunately, what Pacific Comics has reproduced here is not *Planet Comics* #1. Yes, it features the same characters, but the features are essentially the same—*"Flash Baker"*.

"Auro, Lord of Japper," from *Planet Detective*, "Spout Cannon," great title.), "The Red Comet"—but they are taken from other early, non-terms of *Planet*. Were the publishers aware of this, or should we call *Rahm Nader*? And some fine reading here, with crisply remastered artwork. *Bliss Day in*

—Michael Burton

Comics on File



Howard Keltner's *Index to Golden Age Comic Books* (1978) is still available and of value to collectors. Keltner's index lists the contents and cover features of 280 comic book titles from the thirties, forties, and early fifties—the output of forty-nine comic publishers. Thus, if you want to find out which issues of *Suspense Comics* (1945–46) featured "Mr. Nobody" you're all set. Only problem: no mention of artists. Send \$3.75 to Jerry Blass (21101 E. 11 Mile Rd., St. Clair Shores, MI 48081).

Shob

PKD

The Novels of Philip K. Dick G.K.M. Stanley Robinson's revision of the dissertation for the University of California at San Diego, but don't mistake this thought-provoking 150-page survey for the usual academic color irrigation. Instead, Robinson—one of the top new talents as a witness last year's *1984*—dismantles the underpinnings of PKD's narrative structure to show how his novels are illuminating metaphors for our present society that subvert the usual science fiction traditions in the conclusion. Robinson, and then others, take the elements of science fiction into metaphor systems. Dick was a pioneer in American literature. Outrageously overpriced (\$24.95 plus \$5.50 postage) from LMI Research (300 N. Zeeb, Ann Arbor MI 48106), but if you're wondering which route to take on the Dickscape, then tune in KSR on PKD. With this study and a full set of PKD titles, you'll be fully prepared for the forthcoming PKD apocalyptic.

Bh

Vintage Vingie

Reading Joan D. Vingie's abet collection of short fiction, *Phenomena in the Ashes* (Bluejay), is a little like itching without scratching. The six stories and novellas (with the exception of "Parron," a sequel to the 1982 novel *Passer*) read as Vingie's classic severities of mad fantasy. Her book lists no dates, no table of contents, and no story-title running heads.

It would be useful to know when these pieces were written, since short fiction was the foundation of Vingie's career (her first Hugo was for a 1977 novelette called "Eyes of Amber"). In the eighties she has concentrated on novels and storybook novelizations of sci-fi epics for the juvenile market.

As might be supposed from the title, the voices in this collection are redemptive—quite different from the universe of the *Cyborgs*, *Space Queen* cycle and *Passer*. It includes one of her best novellas, "Mother and Christ." It's the distinctive Vingie recipe—blend together romance, anthropology, and as a treat and you've got a tasty dish of authorial if.

There are afterwards written by Vingie for each of the six pieces and twelve interior illustrations. The real ambition here is that the author isn't writing more of the short fiction that she does so well.

Constance Ash

Nahallynched

Thought it was hard work just watching David Lynch's *Dune*, eh? Well, with **The Making of Dune** (Benevol), you can read all about how tough the thing was to make, and realize you got off easy. Detailing the daily travails is HM's own Mr. Hollywood, **Ed Naha**, and frankly there's a bit too much of the "Sure, it was grueling, but boy, was it great!" sort of chat from the endless parade of thespians frothing through the Mexico locations—and not nearly enough penetration of enigmatic writer-director Lynch's creative psyche (admittedly, the guy's a tough nut to crack). Plenty of droll on-the-set humor stories 'n' lynch, though (especially the heroic struggle to minimize any resemblance between those cute sandworms and a rather rude portion of the male anatomy).

Lou Stathis



STIGEL SHUSTER Dateline 1930's

Stigel and Shuster, Dateline 1930's #1

Supernatural
JERRY STIGEL • JOE SHUSTER

Cleveland Shopping News
Popular Comics Monthly

Ratso's Palazzo



The Correct Sadist

by Barry Sloman

I never really understood sadomasochism. I could fathom it intellectually—see it as some sort of twisted mutation of Reichian life-force—a sort of sexual pinball game where orgasmic energy careens out of control and thuds helplessly off the rubber bumpers, then gets knocked up onto the grid again and again until finally it disappears down some hole only to pop up again, eager for the plunger and another ride around the board.

But I couldn't really get it viscerally. Longing for a switch across the back or a bright red rubber baton stuffed into the mouth—infusing a shiny back striated heel with all the power and mystery of a totem, was alien to me. Besides, I had one experience with a sadomasochistic relationship and I was a total failure. A friend, a girl of about twenty-five, one day told me she had become a "slave." Further inquiry revealed that her "master" was a junior account executive in a Madison Avenue ad agency who, after work, would order her to come over and give his friends blowjobs.

Needless to say, I mocked this trivialization of what was essentially a highly dramatic enterprise. I laughed at her puny excuse for a "master" and instructed her in the classic style of S&M information I had gleaned from readings like *Verbot und Erlaubt* and *de Sade*. Next thing I knew, she presented herself at my feet. But I was a failure. Confronted with a well that wanted only to reflect mine, things went stale quick. No, I won't send you over to give Kirby a blowjob. No, I don't want to handcuff you to the fire escape for five hours—what if the fucking neighbors see? How can you serve me? A phallicize my record collection?

The whole thing blew up in bed one night a few weeks later, and she cried hysterically that I didn't love her because I wouldn't beat her. It was true. It was no maser.

I was no slave either. I didn't really feel a desire to convince myself that intense pain

at the hands of a dominant woman was pleasurable. Besides, being of the Jewish persuasion, I didn't need an Other to torture me.

What got me to thinking about the S&M experience again was meeting Terence Sellers. It was at a wedding reception, and there on a couch was a woman who seemed, well, different. She sat upright, almost regal, surveying the room with an attitude that bordered on indifference. She wore black leather and the contrast between her pale white skin and fiery red hair was striking. We struck up a conversation, found that we were both writers, both fans of Nietzsche, and we promised to trade books. I gave her my book on Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue, and she gave me her book, *The Correct Sadist*.

It is a curious book. The first section, "Bad Blood," documents Terence's awareness of her sadomasochistic nature. The second part, "The Leeching," is a handbook of S&M techniques, from verbal humiliation to penis torture to fetishism to urolagnia and coprophagy (playing with number one and number two to be uninitiated). The last part, "Tourniquet" is a moving chronicle of her spiritual odyssey through the S&M underworld. All in all, a valuable contribution to literature. I called and told her so, and we made plans to meet and discuss her work.

We got together one snowy morning in February. We met at a friend's dungeon in lower Manhattan. It was in an old office building that housed manufacturers, media concerns, and school law offices. And one house of dominance.

Terence showed me around the dungeon. There were the usual implements of that sort of torture—a rack, a flat wooden bed, clothebins, needles, ropes, whips housed in an impressive old safe. In one corner, a surgical bed, in another an elevated throne-type chair. The huge cast-iron window grates were illuminated dramatically by neon light, the only source of light in the room other than candles. It

was almost medieval.

We repaired to an office in the back and began talking. I told her that the image had come to mind after reading the book was the Escher drawing of a serpent eating its own tail.

You got it. Sadomasochism is like a compulsion, an addiction. The tentative fascination, the feeling you're destined to do this. Then rushing into it and getting involved, then feeling guilty. Wanting to kill yourself, then falling to pieces.

Destiny? Well, I guess that was a romantic way of looking at it. One is different, one doesn't belong. Terence smiled.

It gives you a sense of pride to feel you were born that way. Alternatively you feel a sense of absolute despair, and that's the sadomasochistic relationship with yourself right here. You're in this struggle of dominance and submission with the rest of the world.

Yeah, it's much more mundane to think that you weren't toilet trained right or something. I said.

"That sounds really wimpy," Terence screwed up her face. "Like, 'if it wasn't for Mommy I wouldn't be like this.'"

Terence doesn't really blame Mommy. Oh, she grew up in Washington, D.C. feeling neglected and abandoned. She fantasized that she was an orphan. She didn't fit, at home or at Catholic school. That was a major element in her awakening, her Catholic background.

"S&M a very Catholic," she smiled. "The evil since I have never met a lapsed Catholic who didn't understand sadomasochism very intimately."

She describes the priests and nuns as sadistic, violent authority figures who constantly made the kids submit to them. She uses words like "mortal terror" and "persecution." "All the rituals of religious worship crop up in sadomasochism. Kneeling, crawling, bowing down."

At fifteen she realized she was a masochist, that she had gone through life being bullied and tortured and teased. She

was sensitive. She was different. She went to college for a year in New Mexico, but her father went bankrupt. She made her way in New York, where she hoped to write and find some *Médecin*, to support her artistic excursions. She found herself in a hovel with no phone, no money, working as a secretary by day and staring at the walls trying to write by night. It was then she read de Sade and started delving into the occult.

De Sade is so brilliant," she said with such enthusiasm. "He gave me a lot of insights into myself. Then I studied the occult and was very impressed with the idea that one could acquire personal power through discipline, self-control. Everything came together then. I realized that S&M was a really strong theme for me. When you study writers you see that throughout their life certain themes are dominant, and they become obsessed with those themes. S&M was the theme for me."

By this time she was working as a topless dancer, and one day a customer said he'd take her away from it all. He admired her leather attire and her insouciance, the way she'd kick drinks into guys' laps with total disdain as she danced. He wasn't just some big shot who imported watches. He also owned a house with a room for dominatrices.

"I told him I didn't want to do straight sex," Terence recalled. "I was a lesbian. A real mean buster. That was how I was dealing with my masochism and sadism toward men."

She started her career as a sadist dominatrix, all the while chronicling it with the intent of writing her book. "I was being very violent toward men. I'd say things like 'Look at that worthless penis. It's going to fall off. Look how small it is.' Even if it was huge, hitting the guy's crotch I didn't really believe in making people feel ashamed of their sexuality, but I did it to them because someone else had done something to them that was so intolerable that the only way they could live with it was to sexualize it. It's a mysterious process, making it become a source of pleasure instead of pain."

"This one guy wanted me to cut up his cock and he is with a razor blade. I started cutting him a little bit, I cut him some more, and finally there was so much blood I said, 'Look, this is getting dangerous, I can't do this anymore,' and he looked down and said in a really blasé tone, 'Oh, is that all you're going to do?' There was this pool of blood running down between his legs. Later I asked him what he did for a living, and he said he was an anesthesiologist. I asked him if he had given himself a shot before he came over and he said no, he had been in a Vietnamese POW camp. And I realized that he must have felt guilty that he came back alive and that his pals didn't. The only way he could bear the pain of that experience was to turn it into some kind of pleasure and to reenact certain scenes, imaginary or real. Over and over

"Doesn't that guilt permeate the whole S&M relationship?" I asked.

"Yeah. Lots of my clients feel guilty for being male. They think men are the inferior sex, and when I'm doing the psychodrama that's all I need. They'll go, 'Why are you doing this to me?' and I'll go, 'Because you're male.' And they'll moan. 'Oh, I know, I know.' That's no way out for them. It's funny, after four months of being a dominatrix, I didn't really feel hostile toward men anymore. I felt sorry for them. For the first time in my life I saw them as human beings who were vulnerable. Until then I had always seen them as torturers, manipulators, monsters, or creeps."

So she fell in love with a man and had a boring, normal relationship that lasted three years. But there were other things that fed her to question her whole involvement in the S&M matrix. She remembers two case studies that contributed.

She was once visited by an old black man, around sixty, who came up from Philadelphia to bow and scrape at her booted feet. He was into verbal abuse, and she was giving him the works—the worthless-pig, little-worm routine—and after a half hour of this he looked up, and through eyes that were swimming with tears, he implored her to say "the word." What word? she wondered. Finally he got it but "Nigger," he begged. She was shocked and almost skeptically she said, "You nigger." He went nuts and came in a second.

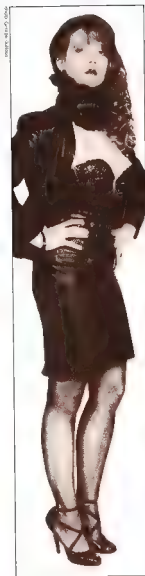
"I'd had one experience with a sadomasochistic relationship and I was a total failure."

The second case study also makes her angry. A little scared-looking guy came in one day clutching a brown paper bag. "What's in the bag?" "It's my bird," he told her. "My bird died." She began to feel a little weird, but she opened the bag and sure enough, there was a canary corpse. Terence said, "That's too bad." Suddenly the guy went crazy. "No, no. You killed it. You killed it because I was a bad boy." Oh, that's right, she suddenly remembered. He was a bad boy. She left the room to regain her composure.

When she came back she was in character. As she wailed away on the bird execution. Fantasy, the wimp interrupted. "Mistress, a request. I want you to stop on it with your bare feet." No way. Jeez, she thought. "I'll step on it with my boots on." Okay. Okay. So she left the room once more and resumed shouting.



Terence Sellers



Terence Sellers

"Where's that bad boy?" She proceeded to give him a spanking and he cried.

"Where's my bird?" I can't find it. did it fly away?" She said, "I killed your bud because you are such a bad boy. He growled and cried hysterically, and got really aroused. Finally she took the bud out of the bag and stuck it in his face. "See? I killed it. And just to show you what I think of you and your sweet little pets I'm going to tear it to pieces." She put the bird on the hotel bed, stepped up on the platform, and started stomping on it.

"While I'm doing this, I'm thinking that I'm really fucking suck," Terence recalled. "What made it tolerable was that she felt this bad thing was some terrible pain that this guy couldn't bear. Some childhood trauma and she was just helping him work it out. She asked him if it really was his bird. No, he said, he had just found it on the way over. That's when she felt she had done something perverted.

"Those are the moments when you feel like a hooker," she fumed. "That's why



Sellers: "It's funny, after four months of being a dominatrix, I didn't really feel hostile toward men anymore."

people in this business quit all the time. They get burned out. I quit. But then you remember the jacks, too. A really good bondage session, or you miss dressing up. I have a leather fetish and I missed those moments when you walk in the room and they're absolutely terrorized by you. You're walking on your stage, your castle keep, and you make this impression—boom!

But my impression from the book was that the ritual had become empty, that the hunter had been captured by the game, that Terence had become the real victim: the one that was really in bondage as a witness to the pathetic needs of her little worms.

It's true. I got hooked on the 'high of being told that I was great, perfect, without my exerting it. It was solely on the basis of the way I looked and the theatrical thing I could do, but I actually wasn't doing it. I forgot about my occult studies and my writing, I forgot all my self-discipline. I was just completely involved in this thing and I didn't really have any authority over them except in this narrow situation. In other words, my lust for power became greater, and they no longer satisfied it." She laughed.

Bigger worm farms? Now she's writing again, and not just about S&M. Either she's working on a novel about a

psychopathic boy who has religious delusions that he's one of the elect of God and who eventually tries to commit suicide after murdering someone. It's called *The Degenerate*. But the sill gets drawn back to her work as a dominatrix.

"I'm better at it now," she said. "I'm capable of more violence with less emotional reaction. I have more of a sense of responsibility, and that's what keeps the sensation from being psychopathic. I'm not doing it under the same compulsion that I used to. Recently I didn't work for six months. I broke up with my boyfriend and I was angry all the time, screaming at people, kicking car doors that having violent dreams. So I thought, I've got to see some clients. Because it's a safe hermetic situation. Everything's set up, all the rules, and I can be as violent as I like, and it sort of ends up in a vacuum. Somebody receives it who needs it. I'm plus one and he's minus one and it equals zero.

"I have a friend who's a detective and he told me that it's a good thing I'm around because I'm smart about those things, that these things are dangerous. He made me feel better about what I do. If someone can find me, they're assured that they're not in the hands of some pissed-off psychopathic woman who's going to further traumatize them. As long as the psychiatric profession and organized religion stay at war with people's sexuality there're going to be sexual surrogates. I'm studying criminology now. Maybe one day I'll work with the really heavy sadistic psychopaths, the ones who are in jail for cutting up and torturing people. I think I can understand people like that."

Terence was sounding positively socially responsible. She was comparing herself to a dermatologist who treats the pimple that bursts, cleaning the surface so the patient feels better. She talked about the relationships she had developed with her clients, some going back eight years—"the real long-term relationships in my life." It was almost as if she was a missionary of sorts—some sexual saint, reviving the body, torturing the flesh, submitting to and administering the worst trials in order to release the soul. It was as if she was working toward a cure, hers and theirs.

She thought about that. "I'm not really trying to work toward a cure. I'm just trying to work toward a perfect adaptation to live with what I am. There's no real cure.

I brought up Nietzsche again. Her struggle was almost heroic, the Nietzschean ideal of taming the Dionysian, disciplining and restraining the wildness and the madness and the excess.

Terence nodded. "But never denying it. Hardly even restraining it. She looked vacantly out the window at the falling snow. Then she turned to me and smiled mischievously. "Just putting the finest of little chains around it and learning to ride it. I want to keep it a bucking bronco."

Close, but No Segar

Today's newspaper comics page seems like an abandoned amusement park—once splendid but now neglected, falling into decay and ruin. A comparison with the comic pages of sixty years ago exposes many current strips as claustrophobically reduced daily cheats, dashed off by smug doodlers who mistakenly believe their roughs are finished art simply because they used ink—a bizarre world where mediocrity, being better than poor, receives acclaim. Better to forget the current decline and travel instead back to earlier decades when, as Elzie Crisler Segar realized, a theater could be staged in a humble, an era when strips held such enchantment they reduced a newspaper number resembling the nightmare glow over an amusement park going full tilt. Better to revel in the past by making for a six-issue subscription (\$5.00) to *Nemo, The Classic Comics Library*, an astonishing nostalgic trek back from Fantagraphics publishers of *The Comics Journal*.

Nemo's first nine issues had those along with the rick, gasping and delightfully dizzy, as the discovery of such yesterday's taken as the sardonic Harry J. Tuttle's *Nemo*.

"The Bangin' Family," described by *Nemo* editor Rick Marshall as "assumed major incidents," perils, horrors, sensibilities, and fantasy Harry Grant Dart, who achieved grandiose architectural displays for his airship tale "The Explorator" in 1908 *New York*

World strip. In addition to pre-"Krazy Kat" strips by Herriman, Marshall has also excavated the first Superman story (from a 1913 mimeographed furocast, an unpublished 1930 "Popeye" novel, an autobiographical sketch by Winslow McCay), Little Nemo (a 1953 Flash Gordon episode penciled by Frazetta and scripted by Kurtzman), and an unpublished interview with the late Hal Foster's "Prince Valiant."

As Popeye might put it, Marshall knows his anvovies. He wrote his master's thesis on American cartoon and humor magazines, and his background as a newspaper feature editor, collector, cartoonist, and syndicate editor makes him uniquely qualified to captain *Nemo* on this titanic comics salvage job. So much has already been lost: cartoonists dispersed their work to the winds, newspapers let back files rot and syndicates flushed away their own history.

Sunday pages suffer in reduction as *Nemo's* standard magazine size, so the solution is "The Nemo Bookshelf" reprint volumes measuring eleven by fifteen inches, and beginning with *The Complete E. C. Segar's Popeye*, an in-progress eight-volume set spanning the years 1929 to 1938. Segar is with us today in ways other than Popeye merchandising. His flair for humorous action drawing influenced Jack Davis; look up "poon" and "jeep" in your Webster's, and you'll find Segar credited

with their coinage. Segar began "Thimble Theater" as a 1919 daily, started his Sunday page in 1925, and added Popeye to the "Thimble" cast in 1929. The Thimble Theater troupe kept right on coming after their creator's 1938 death—at age forty-four—but the strip was never the same. At least three different writers have compared Segar to Dickens, as his plots got more twisted so did his characters. His gift was simply this: he was a humorist, dramatist, and satirist all rolled in one, and whenever his pen touched paper, the ink came out funny.

"No strip," writes Jules Feiffer in his introduction to volume one, "houses more contradictions, a more tennement of clashing impulses, gentleness meets with nastiness, courtesy meets with violence, greed, lechishness, and brutishness knock heads with kindness, righteousness, and moral vigor. Segar was very good in his time; his times have gotten worse, and he is even better now."

Absolutely. And once Fantagraphics finishes the other seven Popeye books, we can all sit back, read a Segar page a day, and totally ignore today's papers with their miserable, lifeless strips.

Bhob

(Fantagraphics: 196 W. Highland Lane, Stamford, CT 06903.)



The Classics

Is the current sorry state of comics getting you down? Wait. Don't run out and join the Merchant Marines just yet! Instead, check out some of the fine (and affordable) reprints of comedom's past glories—such as *Superman, from the Thirties to the Eighties* (Crown)—an updating of the volume issued a decade ago, which concluded with the Man of Steel's seventies adventures. For my money, the eighth didn't add much to the Superman myths—neither did the sixties or seventies, or that matter—but



this collection is worth it for the first three decades covered. The well-chosen stories, printed in black-and-white with color cover reproductions, include Super's first meeting with Mr. Mxyzptlk, a couple of confrontations with Lex Luthor, some good WWII propaganda, and guys named Tryman and Funnyface. Supergirl's origin from 1959 is also there, which may or may not be of interest to those who saw the recent movie. Me? I'm waiting for the adventures of Kryptonite the supeding to be made into a TV miniseries.

Superman isn't the only comic character who's declined since he vacated the White House. You've never known how wild and woolly that original comic-strip cop, Dick Tracy, really was from the loathsome now appearing in your daily paper. But in the thirties and forties, this dick was one hard-boiled hog. This Dickie has received review of his best cases in illustrated form, including such classics as *Dick Tracy*

Meets the Man Who Hates Him (1934) and *Dick Tracy Meets the Frank* from 1947. In black-and-white with swell color covers, from the days when America really knew how to sublimate a depressed economy. It's rated R for violence that would crack a smile on Dirty Harry.

The last year's good comic books you could buy for a dime were the EC group whose heyday was from 1950 to 1954. The establishment of the Comics Code was (that little stamp cluttering up the upper right corner of the cover of your new *X-Men*) spelled the end for *Weird Science*, *Fantasy*, *Tales from the Crypt*, and *Freaky Fine Comics*. Since the late sixties John Benson has been celebrating EC comics and their creators in his zine *Squad Troop*. The latest is number nine, and it's the most elaborate yet, with lush color and detailed looks at Wally Wood's unsold 1949 prospects for the Fox company, staff Christmas parties (where they exchanged cards like "The Crypt of Crip" and "Crime Does So Pay"), and best of all, The EC Writers, with credits for some of the hundreds of EC stories. *Squad Troop* is best appreciated by those who have already been exposed to the EC madness of thirty years ago either from having lived through it or retrospectively through reprints.

Crime Superstudies is the ninth set of EC titles published by Russ Cochran in his deluxe "state-of-the-art" reprint series. Like the others, it features the color covers of each issue (twenty-seven in this case), with black-and-white interiors shot from the original art, printed on large high-grade paper, and slipcased in hard covers. What it celebrates: *Crime Superstudies* then is not the packaging but the contents. Although *Tales from the Crypt* and *Weird Science* were more badly hyped when this series was announced, some fans found that it was not nearly as much fun plowing through 800 pages of nutting waffles and wawering BEMs as they'd anticipated. The level of invention in *Crime Superstudies* seems considerably higher for some reason, even though the book drew on the same unsurpassed artist stable as the horror tales: Graham, Ghastly, Ingels, Jack

Davis, Jack "I'm No Hack" Kamen, Wally Wood, and above all, Johnny Craig. Craig both wrote and drew the lead stories in the first twenty-odd issues, and did most of the covers as well, including one of a knife-wielding maniac guaranteed to haunt you, making him his year's choice for growing EC interest. Ninety bucks is a price for a single purchase, granted—but *Crime Superstudies* will offer you dozens of suggestions on how to steal it back, so just look on it as an educational investment.

If these collections of great comics from the past inspire you to start hunting for the originals, Monica Lester's (collecting *Comic Books*) Larle Brown will tell you how to go about it. This is a very basic handbook which explains how to grade, store, sell, index, and invest in comics. Personally, I'd rather just read the damn things.

—Mike Barrow



Cory Runkle, Box 4361, Long Beach, CA 90803; John Benson, 205 West 85th Street, #2E, New York, NY 10024; Russ Cochran, P.O. Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775.

JOHN
HOLMSTROM

HIGH TECH LOWDOWN

When sick people feel the urge to murder, have perverted sex, or blow up the world, they do it. Normal people watch spatter movies, read skin magazines, or play sick games on their computer.

I'm a real fan of sick games. Although lots of computer games are a little strange. I wouldn't call every game that has sick stuff in it a sick game. For instance, Electronic Arts' *Seven Cities of Gold* is a fantasy-role-playing game where you explore and conquer a fore gn country swindling natives out of goods, food, and gold. If you can't reason with them, or trick them with "magic," you massacre them and take everything of theirs you want. But *Seven Cities* isn't a sick game—it's educational. I'm talking really warped games, like:

Speed Racer (T&F Software) The first famous video game was *Death Race 2000*. It was publicized all over the place, from *Reader's Digest* to 60 Minutes, cause it promoted deviant behavior. The object of *Death Race* was to run over "gremlins, who'd scream when you hit them. *Speed Racer* is a driving game that reminds me a lot of *Death Race*. Only there's a lot more to run over: motorcycles, bardiars, little old ladies, poucimen, and even dogs. You can run them over for "devilish" points, or avoid them for "heavenly" points. And there's a race track when you run over somebody—a great "spat" sound effect and a big red bloodstain on the road.

Impossible Mission (Epyx) Here's a great arcade style game that features some pretty sick stuff. The plot involves Professor Ervin Ambassador, a mad scientist who's tampered with the world's military computers so they'll launch enough missiles to roast the planet. If you want to stop him, you have to find thirty-six pieces to nine puzzles which give you a secret password that will let you stop the missiles. The pieces are scattered all over his apartment, though, so you have to search everywhere—the furniture, kitchen appliances, candy machines, wastebaskets, stereo—even the toilets. I blew up the world a couple of eons ago before I could finally solve the game. The sick kick to this game comes from the realistic effects. Instead of moving a cartoon figure,

you operate a realistic human who can run, operate a computer, and do somersaults. And when the guard robots electrocute the guy, it's as realistic: an effect as you'd find in any game—until he falls down a bottomless pit! The peering cry of agony you hear when that happens is so bloodcurdling, you'll want to hear it over and over.



The Institute (Scriptplay) *The Institute* is a graphic adventure game that takes place in a mental hospital. To play it, you have to spend a lot of time in the closet, taking drugs and nodding out.

When the game begins, you're lying on a bed in an empty hospital room, so drugged up you can't move. A disfigured dwarf tells you you're locked up for political reasons. Once you wake up, there's not a lot to do. Your counselor tells you that you're locked up for your own good, and sprays your face with Mace if you try anything funny. The

guards are too whacked out to talk to. So you steal drugs out of the dispensary, wash them down, and dream. If you can solve the dreams, you can escape the institute. Along the way you have to attack the counselor several times, get locked up as a padded cell, kick a midget, slice up a lizard, and jump off the Titanic. Me, I'm staying in the closet with the drugs. Who'd want to give up a doc, like that?

NATO Commander (Microprose Software) *NATO Commander* is a military simulation game in which Warsaw Pact forces unleash an unexpected attack on NATO defenses in Germany. As the box says, "These skill levels and an infinite number of game variations provide challenge and excitement for all players who would like to wear the four stars of a general, and command the NATO armies." The "Pre-Emptive Strike" scenario allows you to "take the initiative and kick Commie ass. Or try 'The Battle of Germany'—you can launch nuclear weapons when you choose that one. Or choose the 'impossible' level of difficulty and watch the Soviet war machine roll through Germany the way Hitler took Europe. Not that the NATO alliance is that defenseless; you've got SAM missiles, helicopters, mechanized infantry units, armored cavalry units, tanks, and more. You can also use chemical weapons if you want, but they reduce the effectiveness of your infantry.

It's a good thing I'm not the NATO Commander, because I get my butt kicked all over Europe every time I play. As military simulations go it's not bad, but I prefer playing five war games—like *Tigers in the Snow*, which is based on the Battle of the Bulge. But any game that telegraphs messages to you from the Commander in Chief allowing you to drop the bomb on the Commies is really sick, so I kind of like it.

There isn't a whole lot of interesting stuff happening on the computer scene lately, and the video arcade boom died a long time ago. So I'm taking a break from writing about video games, computers, and stuff like that. This is the last *High Tech Lowdown*, folks.

John Holmstrom

CHAIN MAIL

Dear HM

I have just finished reading the November issue of Chain Mail. I find it very disturbing to see so many ads in one letter. As in the content of this letter and that of several others, I seem to be out of step with a vocal section of your readers. I make an effort to cater to most types of music and I have to admit that most of what is written doesn't inspire me at all. I guess I'm not the type who wants permanent (sic—no kidding) brain damage (sic—however). I just want to note that not all HM readers want to be deaf by the age of thirty.

Keep up the good work and remember it's not if wind that blows no change. (And he who runs a spell makes an ad—eds.)

Miles H. Ostler
Hamilton, Ontario
Canada

L.S.

Applh! Applh! Talk ng thkz adz are scvny vs fuckng arznt! You say they stx! You suck! Applh! Talk ng thkz adz are grrd! You must vltmz, jprtyng adz thn you suck fuck ng magazine! I love some taste, you sphtncr faced asshole! Braght! Stop Making Sense is great! L.S. Go suck some scmtants! Your reviews

suck like you: Talking Heads are great Braght!

A. Sharp
Charles Ford PA

A. Sharp wouldn't be a panslone for Brian Eno, would it? —eds.)

Dear HM

I constantly escapes me how a publication of your quality, with the boldness and foresight to publish some of the world's finest contemporary narrative art, remains enslaved to juvenile music magazines that generally confine your audience to a bunch of unsophisticated heavy metal (the music, not the magazine). It is a contradiction extending to the negligence to be served the visions of fine alternative artists like P. Christin Schaitkin, Kevin Kuchner, etc. on the same platter as serious reviews of the latest in commercial schlock from the American film, music, and book industries, not to mention the others in Chain Mail from congenial dolts extolling the virtues of the latest fad video or vinyl from sax, Middle East or Twisted Sister. It seems clear that your staff is an intelligent group of people concerned with the future of quality music.

Why must you repeatedly diminish your achievements with concessions to a less sophisticated audience? Do you need the subscriptions they badly? (Why, no?—eds.) I seriously believe that there is a line to be drawn, and however fine it may be, it will ultimately determine the fate of your publication either as a genuine voice in the recognition of modern alternative art, or as just another cheap American sensational entertainment package like television or the Top 40. I'd rather see it rather be a genuine force in the recognition of modern alternative art. —eds.)

Carl Schroeder
Brewster MA

Dear HM

Please let Miss Hull of California know that she can shove her comment about "Linn" up her "Little Annie Fanning." Where does she get off? Off of a few fences.

she's to fuck—eds.) My great escape is my Metal Mag. I loved Frank Thorne's "Ghila de Azzur" in 1994.

"I'm one of your elite music readers who look up to the tough all-conquering female image so many of your artists portray. Please don't take "Linn" away. I love her. Teresa Caultle
E. KIL. MO

(And we love a girl who'll stand in her own way—eds.)

Dear HM

Your January '85 issue was great as usual. First, with stories of fantasy and adventure. I really enjoyed "An Author in Search of Six Characters." It showed a person with a certain naive charm which exists in all of us. It also showed the very unexpected that can happen in different situations. Please include more of Boris Yeliazov's artwork in your magazine. I think his work shows great emotion. Whether it be horror, beauty, courage, or fear, the emotions are quite obvious. I am so enjoyed. "Crabs," a blended science fantasy with the normalness and drudgery of everyday life. "Secrets of the Mind" keeps up the good work.

James Headrick
Essex, MD

Dear HM

Has come to my attention that the new pictorial model-control powers that be have caused quite a number of graphic illustrations in your magazine to be removed in this issue (Oct. '84) p. 62.

Let's hope they stay satisfied with taping paper pictures, hmm.

Meanwhile, what I want to know is what becomes of all these missing members?

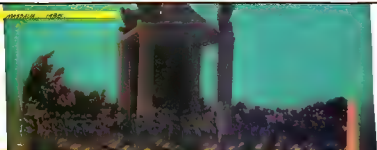
If they're just lying low, two-dimensional newspapers in some filing cabinet cum organ bank, I'd like to borrow them to use in the chapter of my book on censorship. The Second Inquisition. Specifically, the chapter entitled "Hunters of the Lost Decks." Hoping to hear from you. I remain,

Sarah Minner
Anden H. W. CA





AUTOCRACY



BELLEVEDUE, IN NORMAL LIFE AN EMPLOYEE, IS PROMOTED WITH THE RANK OF CAPTAIN FOR HIS GLORIOUS CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA, AND GOES TO SEE COLONEL COLLEONI, AFTER HAVING RECEIVED THE JEREMY MESSAGE.

THE BOMB HIMSELF HAS SHOWN AN INTEREST IN HIM.

COLONEL, I WOULD LIKE TO FIND OUT A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THIS AFFAIR.

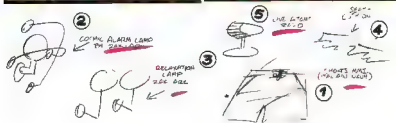
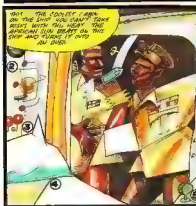


YOU WILL BE RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS IN A LITTLE WHILE. YOU ARE REQUESTED TO PRESENT YOURSELF TO COMMANDER PRINCEVILLE. YOU WILL BE A GUEST ON HIS SHIP. I HAVE APPOINTED A WORTHY ASCAR TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.



OHAY, BESSID TAKE ME TO THE SHIP.

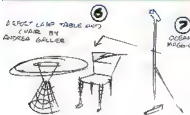
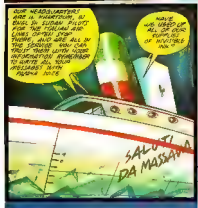
ASCAR, BESSID ABDOULAY AT YOUR ORDERS THE CAPTAIN.



IN THE EVENING, CAPTAIN SULLIVANBOO GOES UP TO THE DECK AND PRINCIVILLE INTRODUCES HIM TO SOME OF THE PASSENGERS



THEY GET DOWN TO ENJOY THE SEA BREEZE THE NEXT IS REALLY INTERESTING

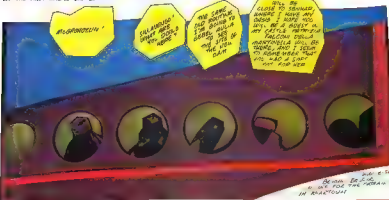


DESERT LAMP TABLE AND
(NAME BY
ANDREA GALLER)

OCEAN LAMP TABLE
(NAME OR BY ZANUSO JR)



TO MEET SOMEBODY YOU KNOW IN AFRICA IS NOT TOO DIFFICULT WHY NOT
AT THE NEW-HALFA AIRPORT?



WILL BE
BE WITH BR LIL
W ME FOR THE TUBAL
IN REACTION



⑥ 2000 LAMP DESIGN BY
ROBERTO MARZ 210



FROM THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTER

I SAW HER AT THE GRAND HOTEL AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO CLIMB INTO HER ALFA ROMEO, 8 CYLINDERS. I DIDN'T STOP TO THINK WHETHER SO MUCH LUXURY SEEMED OUT OF PLACE.



ON A 2.6Litre 16V 174hp 5 speed 10 and 11



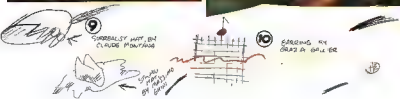
I LIFTED MY NET, IN OBEDIENCE ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS

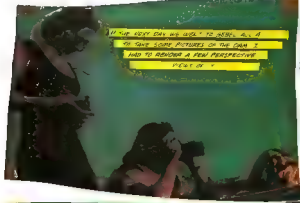


BUT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW SHE COULD I COULD EVEN BE ALONE TOGETHER SINCE SHE WAS ALWAYS SURROUNDED BY NUMBERS I REMAIN BLIND TO MY HOTEL



I FOUND HER IN MY BEDROOM. WHEN SHE ANSWERED ANY OF MY QUESTIONS BUT WHILE WE WERE MAKING LOVE SHE NEVER STOPPED ASKING ME ABOUT MY VISION





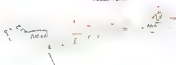
"THE NEXT DAY WE WENT TO ASHLEY'S
TO TAKE SOME PICTURES OF THE CAN. I
HAD TO RENDER A FEW PERSPECTIVE
VIEW OF "

I OBSERVED HER CLOSELY
AND ASKED A LOT OF
QUESTIONS. ANDY WAS
NERVOUS WHEN I ASKED
HER FOR A REPORT ON
THE SITUATION, BUT IN THE
END I DISCOVERED WHAT
I WANTED TO KNOW. THAT
LATE EVENING I WOULD
HAVE BELIEVED TO THE AIR-
PORT WITH A MESSAGE FOR
PERSONALLY. WRITTEN
WITH THE JUICE OF
PAPAYAS WE HAD PICKED
AT GEORGE ALMA

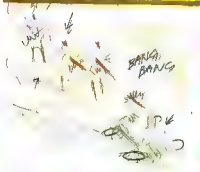


THE
GEORGE ALMA

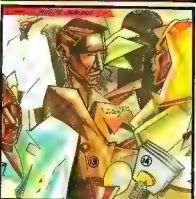
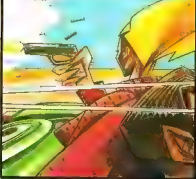
BEWARE OF
THE MANDI "

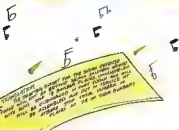
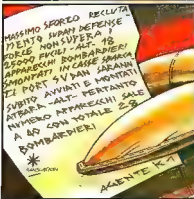


WE HAD INSERTED SOME COMS THE KIND THEY GIVE OFFICERS IN THE ROYAL ARMY. I HAD NO FEAR AND I WAS DRIVING LIKE A MADMAN WHILE BULLETS WHISTLED BY ME.



NADIA FIRED BACK WITH EXCEPTIONAL ACCURACY.



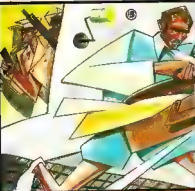
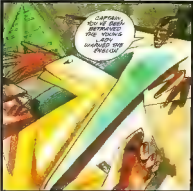


FRAGMENTS FROM OLD ITALIAN BOOKS
FROM THE THIRTY'S

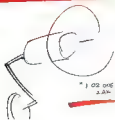
BESCHER IS AS FAST AS A DESERT CAT



CAPTAIN,
YOU'VE BEEN
RETRIEVED
THE YOUNG
LADY
WARNED THE
ENGLISH

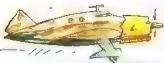


THE LIEUTENANT PILOT HAD ALREADY STARTED THE
ENGINES ON HIS JETPACK PLANE. I COULD HEAR
SHOUTS AND COMMOTION BEHIND ME

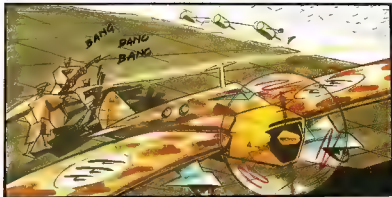


* 1 02 ONE CAMP
2.04 ONE

15



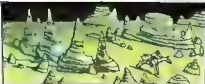
A BULLET GRAZED MY HAND AS I WAS CLIMBING ON THE PLANE. THOSE
SPOTS HAD DECIDED TO LEAVE ME SOMETHING I COULD REMEMBER THEM BY.



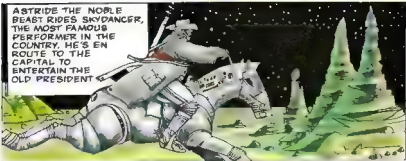
THE END,
BUT WILL BE
COMING!

SKYDANCER

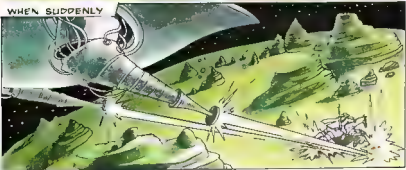
THE SILENCE OF THE POINTED PLAIN IS CRUSHED BY THE HOOVES OF A MECHANICAL MUSTANG.



ASTRIDE THE NOBLE BEAST RIDES SKYDANCER, THE MOST FAMOUS PERFORMER IN THE COUNTRY. HE'S EN ROUTE TO THE CAPITAL TO ENTERTAIN THE OLD PRESIDENT.



WHEN SUDDENLY



PULL OVER, DANCER! GENERAL BALZ WANTS TO SEE YOU!

WHAT'S THAT OLD QUEEN WANT?

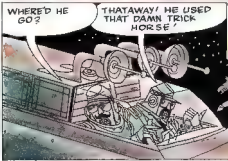




YOU CAN TELL
THE OLD FAIRY...

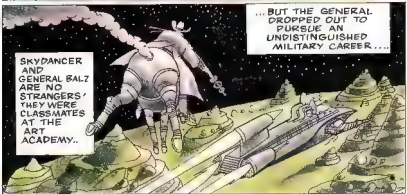


...TO STICK
HIS BALZ
WHERE THE
SUN DON'T
SHINE!



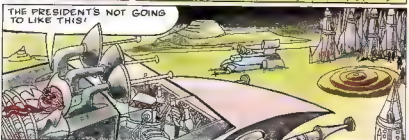
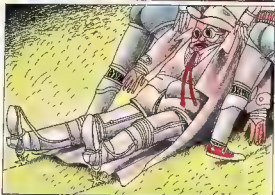
WHERE'D HE
GO?

THATAWAY! HE USED
THAT DAMN TRICK
HORSE!

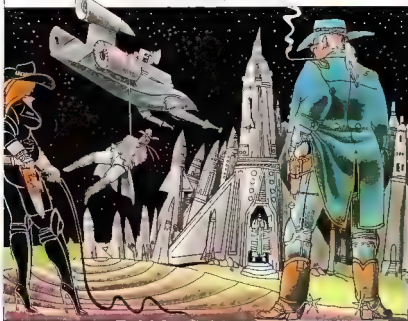


... BUT THE GENERAL
DROPPED OUT TO
PURSUE AN
UNDISTINGUISHED
MILITARY CAREER....

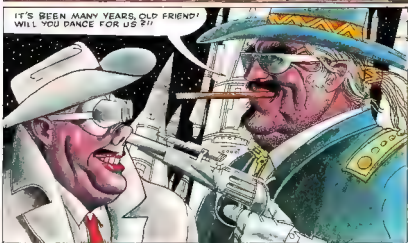
SKYDANCER
AND
GENERAL BALZ
ARE NO
STRANGERS'
THEY WERE
CLASSMATES
AT THE
ART
ACADEMY..



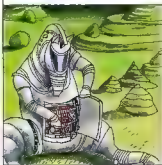
SKYDANCER IS GREETED BY GENERAL HORACE BALZ AND HIS
LESBIAN DAUGHTER, SLUGMA



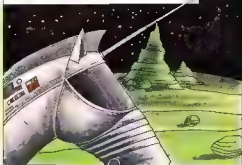
IT'S BEEN MANY YEARS, OLD FRIEND!
WILL YOU DANCE FOR US ?!!



MEANWHILE, BACK ON
THE POINTED PLAIN,
THE MUSTANG REPAIRS
ITS CHIPS.



THE LOYAL MACHINE GETS A
SENSOR READING ON THE
DANCER'S LOCATION, THEN
FLIES LIKE THE WIND TO



RESCUE ITS MASTER FROM THE WEIRD HUMOR OF GENERAL BALZ!



THIS IS SO
EMBARRASSING!



THEN SUDDENLY

MUSTANG, BABY!



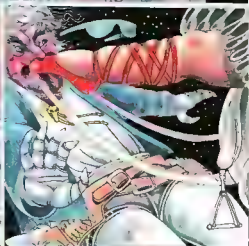
UP AND AWAY!



WAIT!



LET'S
SHOW
THE
GENERAL
ONE
LAST
STEP!



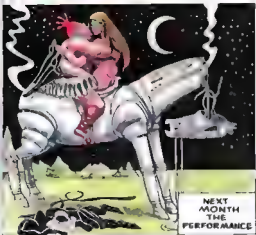
ONCE AGAIN MAN AND MACHINE FUSE INTO ONE, TREADING
A PATH THROUGH THE GENERAL'S ROBOT ARMY



THESE ROBOTS AREN'T
WORTH A DAMN!



LIKE ALL MACHINES, MUSTANG BREAKS DOWN,
BUT THE DANCER AND THE DYKE FIND LOVE
IN THE SADDLE SO ENDS ANOTHER
DAY ON THE POINTED PLAIN!



NEXT
MONTH
THE
PERFORMANCE

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#2/MAY '77: Ronson astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rock-bitz" highs praised "Shells," beginning of Darius's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Rodé, more

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius. "Atack," "The Long Tomorrow" conclusion of "Suspect"

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius a space opera, plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Artistic Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuz," by Drulllet, "Fortune's Foot," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Cleveland, and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Richard update "Ulysses," "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barberella," cover and cover spread by Nuss, plus Moebius and Corben

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's mindbuckling "Orion" debate, more "Barberella," "Uran," and "Den"

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9" "Barberella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: Linn the Mad waves her bit, but "Orion" and "Barberella" continue and Alex Nuss tips his hat

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shakespeare, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barberella" and the origins of "Hellman"

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barberella," a sad ending for "1990," resumption of Drulllet's "Gail," more "Hellman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights"

#17/OCTOBER '78: A midterm for 17" Ellison's "Glam Goblins," Rodé's McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous"

#18/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany "Etain," "Baptism" more "Den," Extraterrestrial "Mama Gruheri," "Hellman's" final rebirth, more



#19/DECEMBER '78: He's sticking his tail with "Kurchan's" "Forest" and beautiful pages of Moebius

#20/JANUARY '79: Extra debate and Drulllet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Chaykin

#21/FEBRUARY '79: Galactic Geographic, "Morrow," Corben's "Starship," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#22/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Rusev's "The Stars My Destination" on "Star crown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#23/APRIL '79: Cassi starts show with "New Ark City," plus May Erik Seydam, Galactic Geographic, Rodé, more

#24/SEPTEMBER '79: "Eric," "Rock Opera," "Hazard" named "Elves," "A Little Red V J alongside Drulllet and Moebius.

#25/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Bercini, Drulllet, Seydam, others

#26/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowell," Rodé's "Zooka," Brunner's "Eric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more

#27/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Corben, Keldos, Seyda, Sticks, Trina Moebius and Ellison, plus "Gnomes and Gnomes"

#28/FEBRUARY '80: An extra "Contrast" cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Without" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Mari Horwith on a closed acid trip

#29/MARCH '80: Why did "The Cressant" take Jeanette? Read the Schuster wrap Plus Corben, Martina, Moebius, and Lee Harris's "Good Vibrations"

#30/APRIL '80: Our 1st anniversary issue! 32 pages of "Chompaku" in black and white installments of "Ulysses," Kerrig's "Garage," and Cassi's "Blat His worth" Corben Rodé and more!

#31/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Asle ever find me? Will "Chompaku" reach the Doll of Judo? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marvin, too?

#32/JUNE '80: "Chompaku" meets his last wife, Captain Steven's "vamp" day, and it's the Flying Wanda vs. Earth!

#48/AUGUST '80: Drulllet returns with "Salomemo," while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and in an interview) Bald continues "Prog run"

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Blood-star," Ginnex's "Goodbye, Soldier," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Rivera

#50/MAY '81: Premier of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bald's "The Immortal Fête" Plus Seydam's "The Toll Bridge" and Wilham S. Buerroughs on immortality

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of "Cavalier" premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up, Plus: Cassi, Chaykin, Crispin and Workman!

#52/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronimo's "Eyes of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bald all frame the art of Leo and Duane Dillon beautifully.

#53/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hô, and Gôlin; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simon. Segrelles, and Steranko

#54/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Dillal as "The Local Light" - Weiss and Chaykin's "Golden Faust" gets going again. Plus Fernandez Jones, Schuster

#55/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matlock's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon, Luis Garcia's "Nana 2" begins Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc

#56/APRIL '82: 3rd anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Cleveland, Drulllet, Moebius, Bald, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 4th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" - "The Art of De La Sexology" Plus "Seven and Venita" by Ted White and Val Kelly

#66JUNE '82: Fantastic Cinema with artists Vase, Caza, Sci-belt, and R. Crumb all are rounded by regulars: Drusille Meobius, Scholtes, and Fernandez

#66JULY '82: Macrole and Larume's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corbett's *Flight into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Drusille

#68AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Frank Show" and Plus and Manana's "The Age." Plus the finale of "The Lical Light" by Meobius and Jodorowsky



#66SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music: Video Interface," Lopez's "Rancorus" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Elito, Fernandez, Kierkegaard

#67OCTOBER '82: You'll love Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S. Last part of Block's "Third Sexual Revolution"

#68NOVEMBER '82: Part I of Kahota's "Starstruck: Findley's 'Tex Arcana' continues in direct "Den II" and Drusille's "Yragut." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *Notional Lampan's Glass Rooms*

#69DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Seydian's "Midwing," and Mark Findley's "Aminon Men." Plus Corben Fernandez, and Kierkegaard

#70JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Frank Show," a look at The Dark Crystal, and regulars Manana, Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard

#71FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entry*. Kim Dutch's *Eating Ritual* and regulars Corben, Kahota, Lopez, etc.

#72MARCH '83: We had a hard time with a few and a half and a warm welcome to Bial's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manana, Kahota and more

#73APRIL '83: Meobius's "The Twinkle in Findley's Eye," and Sore's "The Ozymy," along with Kahota, Crepax, and Warkman

#74JUNE '83: Corben's "Thomascot," On end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the J.D. science fiction thriller *Speculator*

#75JULY '83: Liberator's "Kavars," the end of Kahota's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Don O'Rannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dance-Tales*

#76AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthness" debate, Glimmer's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beckett is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrand cover

#77SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rossini Meyer and the conclusions of "Zara" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#78OCTOBER '83: Timothy Lacey, Elio Bial! Pope Moore! Writer HM! Rocky and Bulwinkle!! A great issue!

#79NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Foster, along with a Spain story. Plus Lopez's "Valentina the Pirate" (I hope)

#80DECEMBER '83: Rancorus bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberator is interviewed. Lots more

#81JANUARY '84: Part one of David Block's vampire memoirs. Plus "Rancorus in New York" and a peek at Archer Clarke's *The Sentinel*

#82FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John Olfund returns. And David Block's *My Vampires* comes to an end

#83MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Rancorus ends his New York adventure.

#84APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Domier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover

#85MAY '84: "The Railway" begins. "Rancorus" ends, and "The Third Local" continues. Plus, two "June 2054's" for the price of one

#86JUNE '84: Steve Tasherman talks about "Liquid Sky." "Lana" and "The Hunting Party" get started.



#86JULY '84: Long interviews with Sammen-John L'Wise and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jodorowsky

#87AUGUST '84: Paul Kester's *Shipshape*. Captain Penelope Spheria. Godmother of Punk: Ed Nabe. Good Writer of Bad Movies

#88SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annals *NM* Music Video Awards. Lou Stathi interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus Denver Canabot director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#89OCTOBER '84: The *NM* interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops in. and Jodorowsky and Bial continue

#90NOVEMBER '84: Scholtes begins. Jodorowsky ends, and Paul Kierker gives us some "Cool." Plus, chief director John Waters tells us about his words in the *NM* interviews

#91DECEMBER '84: *NM*'s 1984 fin with a Federico Fellini interview and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manana's "Author" gets to work.

#92JANUARY '85: Interview with director Wolfgang Pekar on Literature grants his latest, "San Blues." And yet another "Morbidly." etc.

#93FEBRUARY '85: Russell Mulcahy. Back video's premiere director talks about his new movie, *Raiders*. Also, Jack Davis is interviewed and "Trion" concludes

#94MARCH '85: The premiere of Pope Moore's "Robot." Interview with director Louis Malle, and the end of Bial and Christine's "The Hunting Party" and Scholtes's "Walls of Samaria."

#95APRIL '85: *NM* celebrates its eighth anniversary with Pope Moore, Richard Corben, Joost Swier, and more. Also, interviews include *Gorodolov's* Just Jacobin, *The Staff's* Larry Cohen, and *Entanglement's* Paul Bartel

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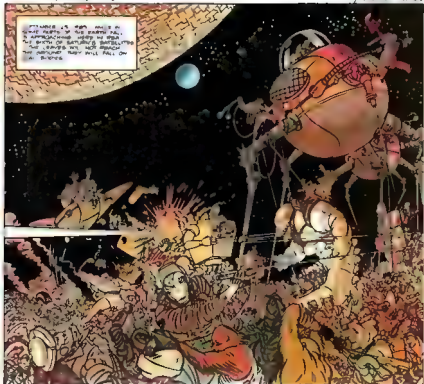
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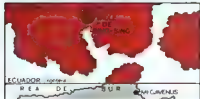
THESE 15 MEN ARE IN
THE PARTS OF THE EARTH THAT
IS APPROACHING AND WE CAN
SEE THE BIRTH OF SATURN'S CHILDREN
THE 15 MEN ARE NOT DEAD
THEY ARE ALIVE AND WILL FALL ON
A. BURNED

[illegible][illegible]

transiunt, acquiescent fidem. Neque homines
facile effugit possit duo conato motus et
liberalitas magis conveniunt. da but tamen
est ad quod. Eundem carum praesentem cum
struunt cupiditas a natura profectus facile
in patitur non est nihil enim desiderabile.
Cum quoniam in his spiritus emulacionem causant
datur per se sunt optabili, et quoniam
conducunt ad propriam et tutior vitam et sap
ientiam quae aptissima approbo fuisse.
Lorum apum dolat ut amicit. commerciorum
emulacione tempore succedunt et labore et dolo
enim ad merum verumque, quae constructi sunt
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By occupying Sing-Sing, Venus wants to separate North Rea from South Rea.

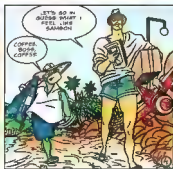
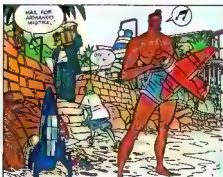
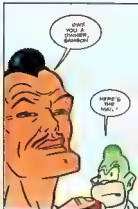
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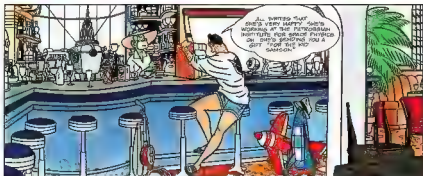


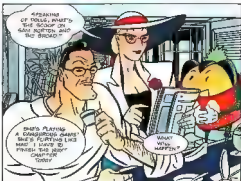
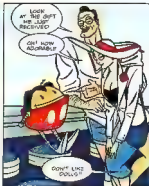
The Vantam Conference: Diplomacy and Hostility.

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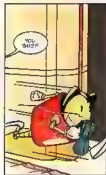












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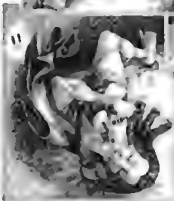
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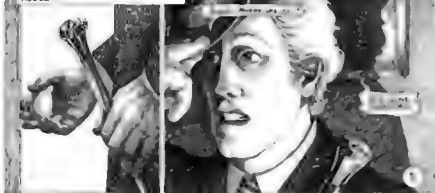
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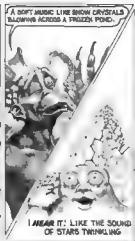




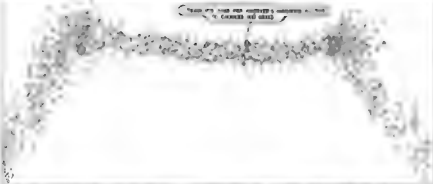


AS MAESTRO VAGAND PONDERS THE IMPLICATIONS OF WHAT HE HAS JUST BEEN TOLD, HE HASTENS TO REJOIN HERP AND OWSEZ AS THEY STRUGGLE IN THE GRIP OF AN EVEN WEIGHTIER PROBLEM.

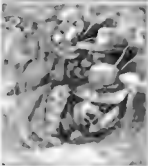
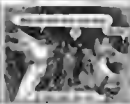
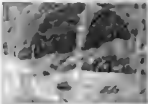
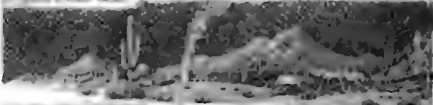




Team 17's dug and captured a prisoner in the
"CANNED MEAT" area.



Team 17 dug up to reveal the body of the "CANNED MEAT" prisoner with the instrument of
his death. The body was found in the "CANNED MEAT" area, and the prisoner was found in the
"CANNED MEAT" area.



TO BE CONTINUED



Even as a baby there was something, well, different about little Loon. To be frank, it was his head, white and fleshy, it wobbled atop his shoulders like a giant turd-p. The other children on the tiny planet taunted him with cruel names..



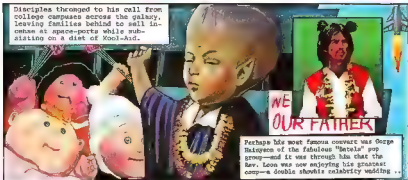
One day, little Loon caught sight of his own reflection in a pond—



Look—my head resembles the sun, both are large and round! Someday it will be as big as the sun and the moon—then I'll be God!



Rechristening himself "Son Moon Loon", the sturdy lad, now in his mid-30's, left home to found a new religion—based on the worship of his own swollen head.





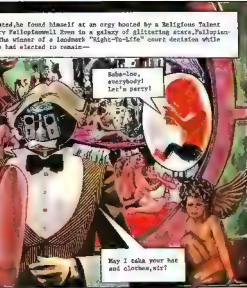
It had all begun when Rocky Starbome, who played back-up Mr Microphone in the group, had been picked up by Princess Easy-Leis Orgasma, Klonopak Film heiress and rock super-groupie. For Rocky, the weekend passed in a dizzying swirl of drugs and sex, as the Princess and her roommate—a pleasure droid named Tootamatrix—introduced him to new and exotic delights.



Pardon! Blower.
Lower! No,
higher!



Dazed and exhausted, he found himself at an orgy hosted by a Religious Talent agent named Jerry Fallopianwall Even in a galaxy of glittering stars, Fallopianwall stood out. The winner of a landmark "Right-to-Life" court decision while still a fetus, he had elected to remain—



Bohe-loo,
everybody!
Let's party!

May I take your hat
and clothes, sir?

-in the womb...

Jerry, you come out of there this minute!

Hey, Rocky!
Come meet
Pal's replacement!



Isn't he a dead ringer? Hey, I've got an idea--let's sing "I Buried Pal" backwards on our next album!

*Pal McCutany died in Rock Opera #576--The Eds.

Coleman! At an orgy?



Why don't we have a photo of Pal on the cover with his feet painted black--and the word "Dead" stitched across his forehead! Let's have fun with it!

Thus, then, was born the "Pal is Dead" rumor which was to race through the rock world. But Pal--or a reasonable facsimile--was still hanging on, as Rocky discovered when he returned to his date...

Hey!

Oh, hi, Rocky. Guess what? Pal and I are engaged!

I am completely at your cervix, Madam--





Meanwhile, in the next room, an unknown avant-garde artist was exhibiting her works. Her name was Yodo Ono—

—and her show, a series of her used responses glued to the wall, was entitled "Minstrel Cycle."



She handed Jon a card—and he was instantly enchanted. Yodo Ono remembers:



"Chair Bostons
Re-caned—Call
Naughty Nanny"



Basically, Jon fell in love with me because he had never met a woman before—



—who was his dominant intellectual mistress. He realized I was a genius, even though everyone despised what I produced...

And so the two couples—the new, improved Pal McCutany and Princess Easy-Lala, and Jon and Yodo Ono—were wed in a simple mass ceremony carried live over the Rev. Loon's own "Praise the Loon Club" Holovision Network...



to be continued

WE WANT YOUR MONEY



A B C D E Photo by Michael Rennebeck

A Berni Wrightson's **Hammer Fist** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Stern**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the **Heavy Metal** movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for summer. **\$7.50**
☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large

B The original **Heavy Metal** T-shirt comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product. **\$7.50**
☐ small ☐ medium
☐ large ☐ red ☐ black

C **Heavy Metal's** pride and joy, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **\$36.00**.
☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large

D **Heavy Metal's** phosphorescent T-shirt. These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a night-lit to find your way to the bathroom. **\$4.00**
☐ small ☐ medium
☐ large ☐ sleeveless
☐ regular

E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal** all-cotton sweatshirt. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultrachic image. **\$15.95**.
☐ small ☐ large
☐ medium ☐ es. large
☐ black ☐ white ☐ grey

You can now smack **Raserox's** pretty puss right on your lapel with this handsome color pin. **\$5.00**, includes postage and handling. Don't leave home without it!
☐ /Raserox pin.



Keep your pants up with a **Heavy Metal** belt buckle. It's 3 1/2" x 2" and will fit any standard belt. Also deflects alien laser guns. **\$10.95**

Check off what you like and how many you want. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. (Add 8 1/4% sales tax if you live in New York State.) Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

Heavy Metal, Dept. HM585, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

And it would be helpful if we knew your . . .

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

All prices above include postage and handling.

If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take orders to the **More Lisa**, would you?



Charles Burns's "El Borbah" gets tough!

Kierkegaard's "Rock Opera" reappears!

**"Triton"'s Daniel Torres is back with
"The Whisper Mystery"!**